

THREE SISTERS TO BELLEVUE.

The Misses White Taken to Insane Pavilion Together.

Three unmarried sisters, well-to-do and members of one of the best-known Harlem families, were removed today to Bellevue to be examined as to their sanity. They are Catherine T. Mary Veronica and Agnes M. White, who lived together in a handsome brownstone front house of their own at 14 East One Hundred and Twenty-seventh street. They are thirty-four, thirty-three and twenty-seven years old respectively.

Until recently the sisters were of a lively disposition, called regularly on their many friends in the neighborhood and gave no sign that anything was wrong with their mental condition. They occupied the lower floors of their house and let out the upper rooms to lodgers.

Some weeks ago the sisters, who had always been regular attendants of the Roman Catholic Church of All Saints, at Madison avenue and One Hundred and Twenty-ninth street, became even more fervent in their religious devotions. Then a change came over them and they spent most of their time at home in praying.

At times all three would become hysterical, would weep and cry out excitedly, and of a common impulse would throw themselves on their knees crying out their prayers and lamentations.

A priest from the church they attended called upon them at times and endeavored, without avail, by argument and counsel, to bring them back to their normal mental condition.

Dr. A. Ward Roff, of No. 175 West Ninety-second street, was called in to attend them, but their condition grew worse gradually until it was believed that they had had religious mania in an advanced form.

This morning Dr. Roff notified their brother James M. White, of Eldred street, Brooklyn, that it would be well to have his sisters examined as to their sanity. The police of the One Hundred and Seventy-sixth Street Station were notified and Detective Meahan accompanied Mr. White, Dr. Roff and a trained nurse when they went to the house in two coaches this morning to take the women away.

Catherine was taken in the first coach in which sat her brother and the trained nurse. She was hysterical and made a scene before getting into the coach. In the second coach were the other two sisters in care of their brother and Detective Meahan.

The coaches were driven quickly down to Bellevue, and the sisters were placed in charge of the insanity examiners.

During the taking of their history in the pavilion they remained quiet, the youngest sister taking her place between her two elder sisters and placing her arms around the waist of each. They did not converse with any one or with each other and answered questions without hesitation.

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FATHER POISONS SON AND THEN DESTROYS HIMSELF.



MRS. HAIGH.



CHARLES HAIGH.



JOHN L. HAIGH.

John Haigh's Tragic Deed Desolates Home — Wife and Mother Prostrated by Awful Scene.

In the yard surrounding a pretty white cottage in Pelham a goateed man lipped over in a bed of violets today. A short distance away a toy wheelbarrow lies overturned against a rabbit-hutch. On the back porch of the cottage a brave nameless hobby-horse stands against a pillar. Upstairs in a tiny white room the owner of these responses on a little bed, his chubby hands crossed on his breast, his soft face distorted.

In another room is the body of the father of the little owner of the toys. Downstairs in the parlor a widow and a mother groans in agony. All this is the aftermath of the deed of John Haigh, who forced cyanide of potassium down the throat of his five-year-old boy, took a fatal dose himself and died with his hands clasped about his offspring, his lips against the little one's curls.

It is a pitiful tragedy. What impelled the young father—he was twenty-nine—to kill his boy and take his own life is a mystery that is doubtless locked away from the understanding of those who knew and loved him.

His brother believes that he was a victim of melancholia and that the taking of the life of the boy was the sudden impulse of a maniac. The widow believes that the mania was brought on by overwork.

There are persons in Pelham inclined to think that a letter addressed to John Haigh left at the village post-office on Thursday by a mysterious stranger had much to do with the tragedy. Haigh was a New Yorker, a bookkeeper for Robert, Cushman & Co., a firm in Washington place. He married, some six years ago in this city, a girl still in her teens. They lived in Harlem until two years ago, when the health of their first born child became affected.

They moved then to Pelham, taking a white cottage on a little knoll that looks down on a small green valley. The health of the boy improved when he got into the country. He became quite a sturdy chap in his trousers and jacket. He knew everybody and his cheery "Hello" was heard all through the village. Another boy came to the family. Charlie was immensely proud of his new brother. When the littlest Haigh grew old enough Charlie would drag him through the village in his yellow express wagon, shouting "Git up!" and

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"Whoa," and playing that he was a frisky horse at the same time. This spring Haigh bought his little fellow a large, meek goat and a goat-cart, and the bliss of Charlie was boundless. It was a common sight on Sundays to see the two little Haigh boys in their goat wagon, shouting directions to their plodding friend, while the father walked behind, alert and smiling. The village soda fountain knew the three as its best customers. Nothing the boys asked for was denied them by the dutiful father. It was apparent, however, that the first born was his favorite, and in spite of the evident improvement in the boy, Haigh was heard at times to express fears for his health.

Father Despondent. From what can be learned from the distracted family Haigh had been working hard of late and appeared to have something on his mind. His wife and his brother pressed him to tell them of the cause of his despondency, but he laughed that away. So far as is known he had no financial difficulties. He was a frugal man and lived within his income. If he speculated or gambled his relatives profess to be ignorant of it.

A man apparently about thirty years of age called at the village post-office on Thursday and inquired for Haigh. He was told that Haigh was at work in the city. Then he asked if Haigh would get a letter that evening if he left it at the office. Postmaster Lyman said that Haigh always stopped for his mail on his way home. Thereupon the stranger bought a sheet of paper and addressed an envelope to Haigh.

"If he don't stop here," said the stranger, "stop him on the way from the train. It is important that he should receive this letter to-night. Haigh got the letter and put it in his pocket. When he went to the city yesterday he purchased from the wholesale drug house

of Schaeffert & Co. a pound can of cyanide of potassium. He carried this to his home when he got to Pelham on the 5 o'clock train. At dinner he was affable and smiling. His wife remarked at the change for the better in his demeanor and they joked about it. When the meal was over Haigh invited his little Charlie to play a game of hide and seek. Mrs. Haigh sat in the great room, about the directions to their plodding friend, while the father walked behind, alert and smiling. The village soda fountain knew the three as its best customers. Nothing the boys asked for was denied them by the dutiful father. It was apparent, however, that the first born was his favorite, and in spite of the evident improvement in the boy, Haigh was heard at times to express fears for his health.

"Papa is making Charlie hunt now," said the mother to her baby. Then she heard Charlie scream, chokingly. She ran upstairs to her husband's room and tried the door.

The screams of the boy had died away and she heard her husband groaning. The door was locked. With the help of a servant she broke it in to find her husband and boy dying on the floor. The can of poison spilled about them. Haigh had taken the little fellow and with ferocity undeviating forced enough of the deadly stuff down the little throat to kill a dozen men. Then he took his arms and his last gasp of consciousness he leaned over and kissed his wife's forehead.

Coroner Ranning has made no investigation of the case. An autopsy was performed at 11 o'clock today by Drs. Von Patten and Fleming, of Mount Vernon. Haigh's employers said that he had not been at work for a week. They said he had been suffering from his absence and were told that he would return the next day. He continued absent.

He had absented himself for the same reason some time ago, said Mr. Charles Roberts, a man who works in the same place as Haigh. He was ordinarily steady. We intended talking to him this time. All he said was that he was sorry for the young man and for his wife. His accounts were perfectly straight. He was an excellent book-keeper and did not handle money.

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QUEEN OF SERBIA IN FEAR TAKES POISON.

Discovery by Her Husband, the King, Following Humiliating Stories Concerning Her Alleged Attempt to Foist a Bogus Heir on Him, Prompts Her to Attempt Suicide.

VIENNA, May 18.—A story is current here that Queen Draga of Serbia took poison when the King discovered the situation caused by the conflicting statements regarding her health, and that the Queen is dangerously ill from the effect of the poison.

BELGRADE, Serbia, May 18.—The Serbians, especially the middle classes, are all allied on the side of the late Queen, the beautiful Draga, and resent the report of the Czar's specialists who claimed she was not about to give birth to an heir to the Serbian throne.

Her private physician has issued a manifesto to the effect that an heir may be expected at any moment. This was done to offset the report of the Russian specialists, made to the Diplomatic Corps here.

To a majority of Serbians the stories to the effect that the Queen was trying to palm off another's offspring as her own is regarded as a diplomatic plot, and the announcement of her condition by her private surgeon is generally believed.

So strong is this feeling that nearly every municipality of the little Balkan empire has sent gifts to King Alexander and his bride. The city of Nisch has sent a cradle of remarkable beauty, while even the lowest of the King's subjects have made his or her offering.

The Czar of Russia sent an ambassador and three specialists here a few weeks ago to inquire into the condition of the Queen, and they reported she was not enceinte. They made no report on the story which was printed in the Vienna papers last February that she was pretending coming maternity, and had made arrangements to foist an infant of her sister on the people as her own.

This so depressed and humiliated the Queen that she is reported to have resorted to desperate measures and taken poison.

Draga was married to King Alexander August 5, 1890. She was of plebeian birth, very beautiful, and a few years the senior of her husband.

It is said the King has sent to Paris for physicians who, it is hoped, will controvert the testimony of the Czar's physicians. The Czar, it is said, was accused in determining the truth, because he was signed as one of the official witnesses of the marriage last August.

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QUEEN OF SERBIA.

THE SHAH IS DYING. PLOT TO KILL THE PRESIDENT.

LONDON, May 18.—"The Shah of Persia is dying of kidney disease," says a despatch from Tiflis to the Daily Express.

The malady has progressed too far to permit him to make the intended visit to Constantinople.

It is expected that his death will be the signal for a Russian coup in Persia.

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DR. BABCOCK DEAD AT NAPLES.

Pastor of Brick Church Stricken While Abroad.

A cablegram was received today by W. B. Babcock, treasurer of the Brick Presbyterian Church, Fifth avenue and Thirty-seventh street, announcing the death at Naples of Rev. Dr. Matthe D. Babcock, pastor of the church.

The cablegram stated that the cause of death was Mediterranean fever. It was signed "Rizka," and was probably sent by Rev. Dr. Higgs.

Dr. Babcock started in the latter part of February with a party of tourists to the Mediterranean and the Holyland. His wife accompanied him. He left this city in perfect health and contracted the fatal fever, which is a form of typhoid, during the trip.

Dr. Babcock was called to the pastorate of the fashionable church a year ago, succeeding Rev. Dr. Van Dyke, who resigned to accept the chair of theology at Princeton.

The deceased pastor was forty-two years old, of exceptionally good physical condition, and quickly made himself popular in his new charge, to which he came from the Brown Memorial Church at Baltimore.

Notice of his death came as a great shock to the congregation. Dr. Babcock lived at No. 11 East Thirty-seventh street.

REBUKE FOR POLICEMAN. Magistrate Zeller Tells O'Meara He Is Too officious.

Magistrate Zeller, in West Side Court today, called Policeman O'Meara, of the West One Hundredth street station, too officious.

Milton French Atwood, of No. 25 West Seventy-fourth street, was arrested last night for allowing his fox terrier to bark at the heels of passers-by without restraining him. The dog, Chappie, was in court and barked his approval.

The policeman said he was afraid the dog would bite some one.

CURLING IRON IN HER EYE. Unlucky Slip May Cost Ashbury Park Woman Her Sight.

ASHBURY PARK, May 18.—Mrs. Jacob S. Pierce, of Ashbury Park, met with a curious accident today. The curling iron, which was heated, unusually hot, slipped in such a way that the end was thrust squarely against the pupil of the right eye.

The burn caused frightful pain and may result in the loss of the eye, but Dr. Joseph Ackerman, who is treating the case, hopes to save it.

CHURCH NOTES.

Rev. R. P. Johnson, D.D., pastor-elect of the Baptist Church, Forty-seventh street, near Fifth avenue, will enter upon his new charge tomorrow, preaching morning and evening. On Tuesday evening a reception in the church will be given by the members of the church and congregation in the chapel of the church.

In the First